

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. August 15th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 3.57 p. m., and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., and 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Millintown Acc. 7.23 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., flag-daily.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon as follows: EASTWARD. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily except Sunday (flag). Atlantic Express 9.51 p. m., flag-daily.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.,



Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new

Saddlery Shop

in Bloomfield, on Carlisle Street, two doors North of the Foundry, where they will manufacture HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment.

REPAIRING done on short notice and at reasonable prices. HIDES taken in exchange for work. D. F. QUIGLEY & CO. Bloomfield, January 9, 1877.

KINGSFORD'S Oswego Starch

Is the BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL in the world. Is perfectly PURE—free from acids and other foreign substances that injure Linen. Is STRONGER than any other—requiring much less quantity in using. Is UNIFORM—stiffens and finishes work always the same.

PATENTS. Fee Reduced. Entire Cost \$55.

Patent Office Fee \$35 in advance, balance \$20 within 6 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold. J. VANCE LEWIS & CO. Washington, D. C.

500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRIATED PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success. For particulars, address H. M. CRIDER, Publisher, York, Pa.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

REDUCED PRICES. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition. Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. F. S.—Baskets, Shoes, and Shoe findings made a specialty. JOS. M. HAWLEY. Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—17

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of John Kunkle late of Marysville Borough, Ferry county Penn'a., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned residing in the same place. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN KALEE, Administrator. June 12, 1877.*

How Arnold Escaped Capture.

IN THE summer of 1864 the writer spent several days at the village of Owensville, in Kentucky, near the Licking River. While there he engaged in conversation with an old gentleman who had lived more than fifty years in that region, touching the romantic incidents of Kentucky's early history, and particularly the thrilling scenes once enacted along the valley of the Licking River. In the course of conversation the gentleman stated that when a young man he had frequently seen the grave of Sergeant Champe, the hero of the romantic attempt to capture Arnold after his treason, which he said was in a cultivated field, near the pike, about midway between Owensville and Carlisle. A solitary tree then marked the spot, but subsequently the tree disappeared, whether by decay or the woodman's ax, he did not know, and the spot where the gallant soldier sleeps can no longer be identified. For forty years, said our informant, the plow has passed to and fro over his grave, and for forty summers has the reaper gathered the harvest above it, until now the fact that such a grave exists is hardly known to the honest farmer who owns the soil, and drives his shining share above the neglected dust.

The story of Sergeant Champe's romantic and daring adventures is full of interest. His name was John Champe, a native of Loudon county, Virginia, and a member of Henry Lee's cavalry, known as the "Lee Legion." Lee in his "Memoirs of the Revolution," describes him as twenty-four years old, rather above the common size, full of bone and muscle, of tried courage, and inflexible perseverance. In 1780 the treason of Arnold created the utmost consternation throughout the colonies. This feeling was soon succeeded by an intense desire to obtain possession of the person of the traitor, that he might be made to suffer the penalty of his perfidy. An offer to exchange Andre for Arnold having been refused by Sir Henry Clinton, Washington set about devising some means whereby the great criminal could be captured and properly punished. He had learned that Arnold was stopping at a private house in New York, that he was seemingly apprehensive of no danger, and passed to and fro without guard or attendance. Hence he conceived the idea of introducing a spy into the service, to seize and bring him within the American lines.

Having formed his plan, he sent for Major Henry Lee, the commander of the Lee Legion, the most brilliant cavalry force of the army, and laid it before him. Arnold had just issued his proclamation inviting desertion from the patriot army, advising the deserters to come to New York and join the American Legion, which he had been commissioned to organize. Washington's suggestion was that one of Lee's most reliable men should feign desertion, join Arnold, and with the aid of the patriots in New York city, seize and gag him, and bring him into the American lines before he could give the alarm. After explaining the plan to Major Lee, Washington asked if he knew any man in his regiment whom he could implicitly trust with the delicate mission. Lee instantly suggested Champe. He was sent for, and the matter laid before him. After some hesitation he consented, and the instructions which were to be his general guide, and which had already been prepared by Washington, were read over to him several times, until he had committed to memory their general import. He was furnished with letters to two persons in New York, who had previously been acting in the confidence of Washington. One of these was to a Mr. Baldwin, who was promised one hundred guineas, five hundred acres of land, and three negroes, if the plan was successfully carried out.

It was important that the desertion should have all the appearance of being genuine, and Champe had to assume all the hazards a real deserter would have experienced; the only indulgence he could expect was that when his departure should be discovered Major Lee would delay as much as possible. When we consider the great alarm that existed in the American lines by reason of the recent treachery of a once trusted commander, and how carefully every avenue of communication with the enemy was guarded, we can form some idea of the danger the gallant soldier had encountered. It was arranged that Champe, should take his flight the next night. Accordingly, about 11 o'clock, he quietly mounted his horse, took a small supply of money and his orderly book, and cautiously leaving the camp, rode rapidly out in the darkness. He was soon met by one of the pickets, and when challenged put spurs to his horse, and dashed swiftly away in the direction of the enemy's lines. The fact was immediately reported to the officer on duty, Captain Carnes, and he hastened to Major Lee to ac-

quaint him of the circumstance. Lee, who had just retired, suspected the officer's errand, and desiring to give Champe as much time as possible, pretended great fatigue and drowsiness, and it was some time before Captain Carnes could make him understand his business. When finally roused, he scouted the idea of any of his command deserting, pointing out the fact that only once during the war had such an event happened, and insisted that the picket had mistaken a contryman for a deserter.—To determine this fact, Captain Carnes retired and had the whole command "mustered," when Champe was missed. This was reported to Lee, when he ordered a detachment to prepare for immediate pursuit; but by various pretexts he delayed the starting of the pursuing party until Champe had an hour and thirty minutes the start. He then gave orders that if taken he was on no account to be harmed, as he wished to make an example of him before the whole command. When once commenced, the pursuit was vigorous. The moon had now risen, the road was tolerably clear, and the troopers flew like the wind after the fugitive. His course was easily traced, as several countrymen were met who had passed him but a short time before.—They thus knew they were gaining upon him, his horse having been lamed when he first started—and was now travelling with difficulty.

Ascending a hill at sunrise, they suddenly saw the object of pursuit about half a mile in advance. He discovered his pursuers about the same time, and despairing of reaching Paulus Hook, now Jersey City, in which were two English sloops at anchor. When he reached the bank his pursuers were but a few yards behind, and their scattering shots fell thickly around him. Springing from his horse, and divesting himself of his heaviest clothing, he plunged into the stream, calling loudly to the men on the British vessels for aid. A hundred shots were fired at him, but a boat immediately put off from one of the nearest vessels, and he was picked up, and the next day forwarded to New York, with a detailed account of his gallant and perilous achievement. Lee publicly expressed himself chagrined at the escape, but was at heart delighted that the plan had so far worked well.

On his arrival at New York, Champe at once enlisted in Arnold's Legion, and became a diligent student of his habits and movements. He ascertained that it was Arnold's custom to return to his quarters about midnight, and that previous to retiring he usually went into the garden which joined the house on the right. Running from the rear of the garden out into the street was a dark alley, which fact was considered highly favorable to the scheme. As soon as he learned this, Champe communicated to his two accomplices, and arranged on a certain night the seizure should be attempted by two of them, while the third should have a boat in readiness at the river, only two blocks distant, in order to convey him outside the British lines. Every thing promised success, and Champe, in high spirits, wrote to Major Lee, informing him that he should make the attempt on the 6th of November, and desired him to have a strong force at Hoboken to receive and safely conduct the prisoner.

Champe and his companion were to conceal themselves in the shrubbery, and when Arnold entered, which it was expected he would do about midnight, they were to seize, overpower, and gag him before he could give the slightest alarm. Then, taking him by each arm, they were to hurry him from the garden into the alley, thence by unfrequented streets to the river, and on board the boat, when the difficulties would be over. If observed or accosted, they were to state that they were taking a drunken soldier to the guard-house and thus allay suspicion.

On the night designated Major Lee, with a strong detachment, arrived at the appointed rendezvous in the woods at Hoboken, and breathless with expectation and anxiety, waited the issue of the bold adventure. Hour after hour passed in painful suspense, and the dawn at last came, but no tidings were received from Champe. Major Lee was therefore forced to conclude that they had failed, and were perhaps prisoners awaiting certain death. With these unpleasant reflections he retraced his steps to the American camp.

Nothing was heard from Champe or his companion for nearly a week, when a letter was received explaining the cause of the failure. It seems that Arnold's American Legion, to which Champe belonged, was unexpectedly ordered to Virginia, and on the night fixed upon for the capture, he found himself on board a British transport in the Hudson. In all probability Arnold was thus saved, for had he been taken he would have perished on the identical gallows on which the unhappy Andre gave up his young life; and such were the

completeness of the measures taken for his capture that a failure could hardly have occurred.

Nothing more was heard of Champe until the next spring, when Major Lee was with his command in the Carolinas, when, one morning he suddenly made his appearance in camp.

His story was soon told. He had waited long for an opportunity to escape and had then traveled hundreds of miles through Virginia, North and South Carolina, meeting with perils and privations at every turn, until he finally heard that his old command was in his vicinity, when he hastened to join them.

For fear that he might, in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the hands of the British, when he certainly would have been hung, he was discharged from service, with a munificent pecuniary reward for his daring enterprise.

When in 1798, Washington was again appointed commander-in-chief of the armies in expectation of a war with France, he wrote to Major Lee to learn Champe's residence, intending to offer him a captain's commission.

On inquiry it was found he had removed to Kentucky some years before, and died in 1796. Of his last resting-place we have spoken in the early part of this sketch.

Anomalies of English Spelling.

ONE of the principal difficulties in learning the English language is the inexplicable manner in which most of the words are spelled, the twenty-six letters of the alphabet vying with each other to represent the forty or forty-two sounds of the language in the most bungling and disorderly manner. Be the capacity of a child ever so good, yet he must spend years in learning these "curiosities of literature," while a foreigner can only master our noble language by a vast expense of labor, patience and time.

The Protean nature of the vowel sounds is familiar to all. A few amusing examples will show that the consonants are nearly as bad: B makes a road broad, turns the ear to bear, and Tom into a tomb. C makes limb climb, hanged changed, a lever clever, and transports a lover to clover. D turns a bear to beard, a crow to a crowd and makes anger danger. F turns lower legions to flower regions. G changes a son to a song and makes one gone! H changes eight into height. K makes now know, and eyed keyed. L transforms a pear into a pearl. N turns a line into linen, a crow to a crown and makes one none. P metamorphoses lumber into plumber. Q of itself, hath no significance. S turns even to seven, makes have shave, and word a sword, a pear a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a hoe to shaving a shoe! T makes a bough bought, turns here there, alters one to tone, changes ether to tether, and transforms the phrase "allow his own," to "to tallow his town."

W does well, e. g., hose are whose? are becomes ware, on won, omen women, so sow, vie view; it makes an arm warm, and turns a hat into—what? Y turns fur to fury, a man to many, to toy, a rub to a ruby, ours to yours, and propudery, a lad to a lady.

A Lucky Gold Miner.

THE richest strike made in this country for many years, and as rich perhaps as was ever made, we here have the pleasure of recording. A. O. Bell, commonly called "Pike" Bell, who, with his family, has lived for many years on Ball Hill, a few miles north of Auburn, as many know, is a dauntless prospector. Though occasionally making a strike of some considerable importance in the past, has managed, like most modern prospectors, to keep poor. Last winter, in particular, he was in very straitened circumstances, and, having no money, and the merchants refusing to credit him, he offered his only horse, worth about \$50, for \$10, that he might buy bread for his children, and failing in his efforts to sacrifice his horse, he pawned a ring from his wife's finger to obtain the necessaries of life. Day by day he continued his searches for the glittering treasure, and whether the passing day had revealed a color or not his spirits were always jubilant, apparently kept up by the hope that seemed never to have deserted him—of doing better on the morrow. At last the lucky day came. It was about three weeks ago when, hunting around over the hills, he struck his pick into a little mound which resembled somewhat in appearance an anthill, and to his delight he unearthed some pieces of decomposed quartz, attached to which were some colors of gold. Encouraged at this prospect, he began to sink his new lead, and was rewarded by finding more or less gold at every stage of descent. Last Saturday

he had reached a depth of about thirty feet, and had taken out in sinking that far rock estimated to be worth about \$1,600. The rock being extremely rotten, or what is called by quartz miners decomposed, he had with little effort pounded out in a mortar enough to pay expenses as he progressed. He had hired men to assist him in working the mine, and on last Monday morning they went to work as usual. The gouge as we would call it, as it is too rotten to be properly called a ledge, was discovered by noon to have become suddenly richer. In the afternoon chunks of almost pure gold were taken out, and the decomposed stuff that filled the interstices between the rocks was so rich that Pike began to wash it out in a pan. From three pans full washed Monday afternoon he obtained gold estimated to be worth between \$4,000 and \$5,000.

That evening he came into town, and giving us a hint of what he had got, invited us to go out and see it. On Tuesday afternoon, in company with Sheriff McCormie, we visited the mine. We found Bell with a pan of gold in his hands worth from \$1,000 to \$1,500, which he assured us all came from one pan of dirt. "But," said he, "if you don't believe it, I will wash another pan and show you." We told him to wash. The pan was sent down into the shaft and soon returned filled with a mass of muddy, rocky stuff, that sparkled all over with pieces of gold. This was washed out and found to contain fully as much of the precious metal, if not more, than the one he had just finished panning when we arrived. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Bell, (it is "Mr." now—it was Pike before) informed us that he had taken out \$10,000 in three pans that day; that he had taken out, all told, up to that time, between \$80,000 and \$85,000, and that he had an offer and was about to sell for \$20,000. When asked his notion for selling, he said he would get away with about \$50,000 and that was money enough for him.—Pleaser (Cal.) Herald, June 24.

A Yankee Trick.

Just before the Declaration of Independence, a Yankee pedlar started down to New York to sell a lot of bowls and dishes he had made of maple. Jonathan traveled over the city asking everybody to buy his wares, but no one was disposed to purchase.

It happened that a British fleet was then lying in the harbor of New York, and Jonathan struck upon a plan of selling his dishes. He got a naval uniform, by hook or by crook (for history doesn't tell where he got it) and strutted up town, one morning, asked a merchant if he had any nice wooden ware, as the commodore wanted a lot for the fleet.

The merchant replied that he had none on hand, but there was some in town, and if he would send in the afternoon he would supply him with pleasure.

"Very good," said our naval officer, "I will call." Jonathan now cut for home, by the shortest route, and he had scarcely doffed his borrowed plumage before down came the merchant, who seeing that Jonathan had sold none of his wares, offered to take the whole if he would deduct fifteen per cent.; but Jonathan said he'd be gol darned if he didn't take 'em home before he'd take a cent less than his first price. The merchant finally paid him down in gold his price for the wooden ware, which laid on his shelves for many a long day thereafter; and Jonathan trotted home in high glee at the success of his manoeuvre, while the merchant cursed British officers ever after.

An Indignant Subscriber.

A gentleman who came down from Lexington on Saturday was asked how times were in that section. He said: "About all I have heard of lately is a joke on an editor, who, going away, left his paper in charge of a minister. During the minister's stay in his sanctum the following letter came from a mountain subscriber: "You know—well I paid my subscription to your paper the last time I was in Lexington. If I get any more such letters from you as I received last week, I will come down to Lexington and maul h—l out of you!" The minister answered: "I have been trying to maul that thing out of the editor for ten years past; and if you will really come down and maul it out of him, then, my dear sir, I have twenty members of my church I will also get you to operate on."

The population of England in 1801 was 10,000,000. Of the United States, 4,500,000. To-day the population of England is held at 27,000,000 and that of the United States, 45,000,000. A more striking example of comparative national growth it would be hard to find. Our population has increased ten-fold. That of Great Britain two-and-seven-tenths in three-fourths of a century.